

The Circular.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY THE ONEIDA AND WALLINGFORD COMMUNITIES.

VOL. V.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, JULY 6, 1868.

NO. 16.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.

THE CIRCULAR, ONEIDA, NEW YORK.

TERMS:

Free to all. Those who choose to pay may send one dollar a year.

OLD NEWS.

Home Talk by J. H. Noyes, W. P., June 8, 1868.

MY thoughts and studies take, more and more, the direction of historical investigation. The Holy Spirit is emphatically an historical spirit, and if we come into fellowship with it, we shall imbibe a taste for historical discovery. It is called the Spirit of Truth. That reveals its essence. It is a Spirit that introduces account-keeping into every thing. All that passes in our individual lives, all that is going in literature, religion, and politics, is put on record, and kept in God's memory, that is, in this Spirit of Truth. And so preparation is going on all the time, for bringing the world to judgment—for having settlements—for rewarding every man according to his works. There is nothing done in secret, but God knows it, and it is recorded, and will come to light. It is the special characteristic of the Spirit of Truth that it sees every thing, and will record every thing. Whether men remember or not, the Spirit of Truth forgets nothing; and its delight is to train us, if it can get possession of our hearts and minds, to go back into the past, into our own history, and into the history of persons around us, and into the history of the world and the kingdom of heaven.

Perfectionism had its birth in an historical discovery. The truth about that great historical transaction, the Second Coming, was discovered, and out of that discovery grew the doctrine of Salvation from Sin, and all the important doctrines we hold. The reason why we have not any creed is, that our articles of faith are almost all historical facts. In regard to salvation from sin, the main question is, What was done when Christ died and rose again, and the Spirit was poured out? Is it true or not, that provision was made for salvation from sin? That is a question of history. And so whether Paul was actually saved from sin, and whether the Primitive Church was saved from sin, are questions of history. These questions are to be settled by a candid investigation of the records, to see whether the facts are one way or the other. I study the New Testament chiefly in the way of historical investigation: in order to found my faith on facts, and not on speculations and

philosophy. It was the special characteristic of Christ and the Primitive Church, that they dealt in facts, and that history was the foundation of their religion, and their faith.

To illustrate the bearing of facts: Christ said the Holy Spirit would "reprove the world of judgment, because the *prince of this world is judged*." There is a historical fact, involving the day of judgment. Christ distinctly announced that fact when he was laying himself upon the altar of sacrifice. He said, "Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the prince of this world be cast out." The Holy Spirit will bring the world to judgment, by convincing it of a fact which took place eighteen hundred years ago. The whole world is judged already in the judgment of its prince. It is only required to bring that transaction of eighteen hundred years ago to light, and the day of judgment with all its wonders will be upon us.

If we wish then to please the Spirit of Truth, to live with it and enjoy it, and have boldness in the day of judgment, this is what we must do—we must get a taste for historical investigation: we must love to dig up the past; and when we get hold of a fact in our own history, for instance, that has some important bearing, we must delight to follow it up, and pursue it just as far as we can. Every one of you will find sooner or later, that your own history is full of interest and dramatic power. God, the great artist, has planned and constructed it. There is a great deal in it that you have no idea of till you put things together, past and present. So with the history of those around you. Get a bird's-eye view of some individual history, and there is nothing in fiction that can equal it. Many things that have transpired in us and around us, seemed to have little or no significance at the time: but after we have gone by them years and years, and something calls our attention back, and we get a long reach of view, we begin to see their significance, and they become interesting.

I hope the whole Community will resolve itself into a great historical society, and all join in a hunt with the Spirit of Truth, for facts in the past in regard to ourselves and others, and thus carry on the great business of the day of judgment as fast as we can. Let us keep our simplicity and not go beyond our depth, but be always on the alert for co-operation with the Spirit of Truth, in searching out the history of persons and things.

We have persons among us that have belonged to many different religious sects. Mr. B. has been a Methodist; Mr. S. a Second

Adventist; Mr. H. an Episcopalian; and so on. My advice to all such would be, that instead of seeking to denounce and criticise the denominations with which they have been connected, they should study their history honestly, truly, and patiently, and quietly ripen within themselves a true judgment of those denominations, founded on history and facts.

Cultivate the love of history; not book history, but fact history. Cultivate the love of faithful book-keeping in every thing. Of course the Spirit of Truth will not lead you off into mere fact-hunting for the sake of gratifying curiosity. There is a method in its investigations. It will lead you into inquiry about facts that relate to the vital interests of yourselves and mankind.

The Bible is the great backbone of history that every body ought to understand, who wishes to be in fellowship with the Spirit of Truth. You may study the history of the Primitive Church, and after that the history of the great transactions of the Second Coming; then the history of the Bible and the workings of the Holy Spirit since that event. To come nearer home, you can take up the history of Revivals and Perfectionism and Communism. Gradually you will get a great unitary idea of history. You will connect together the history of God's work in the Jews, and in Christ, and through the ages since the Primitive Church, and the history of the present gospel of the kingdom, grafting it on to the great tree of history which comes down to us in the Bible.

We may learn how to pursue this study from our business of silk-winding. We shall find history like a skein. If you get hold of the right end you can reel off a long yarn; whereas if you poke in anywhere and break off a thread just as it happens, you will find things tangled. Take pains to start right, where God would have you, and where there is a certain preparation, and you will find you can reel off a whole skein easily. We are apt to think there is no skein—that history is nothing but a snarl. That is a mistake. The past of every thing is in a skein, and if you will only find the right end of the thread it will unwind.

To students of Geology there is a wonderful fascination in discovering facts in relation to the state of things ages and ages ago, by the connections that are found in the rock strata. Geology is an attempt to read history out of rocks. There is a great deal of just such fascinating work to be done by us in studying the history of God's dealings with the world. He will help us. That is just what he wishes us

to do—to go back and see what he has done in the ages that are past. There is all the fascination of Geology and antiquarianism in it.

One man boasting over another says, "I have forgotten more than you ever knew." It is true that the news which the world has forgotten is infinitely more, and of greater interest, than what is current in the papers. People think that the news is just what is now passing—any thing that took place a week ago is not news. But there is news that is thousands of years old. What a piece of news the truth about the Second Coming is! Let us be wide awake for the old news—news of doings long ago buried and forgotten.

SWEDENBORG AND FOURIER.

WE extract, this week, from the *Perfectionist*, dated Jan. 31st, 1846, the remaining part of the discussion with the *Harbinger*. The writer in the latter evades the point in exactly the same way in his defense of both Fourier and Swedenborg. He can not be brought to a square support of any particular idea, but professes profound admiration for the grandeur and profundity of thought displayed by both. We can not avoid the conviction that Fourier was patronized for the same purpose as was Swedenborg, viz.: to raise a great smoke of "profundity" and poetic imagery, under which to prosecute a silent, but deadly work.

The *Perfectionist* says:

The editor of the *Harbinger* condescends to notice our late compliments and criticisms at considerable length in his last number, and, on the whole, treats them with good humor. Some of his expressions indicate that his ideas of us, and perhaps his feelings toward us, are a little awry—as where he professes to "prostrate himself with all humility before [our] pontifical decree." But we take no offense. If we have been more delectory in our expressions of opinion than the pontiff of the *Harbinger*, or than editorial pontiffs generally, we certainly need correction, and will endeavor to amend. After making "due acknowledgments" for the "gracious compliments" which we have bestowed upon his paper, the editor proceeds to define his position and *ours* thus:

"Perfectionists are we, too, in our way. But we believe in a perfection of the whole, starting with that great overruling thought, the Unity of the Race; while our brother seems to trust to such isolated 'self-perfectioning' as has been sarcastically imputed to the Unitarians."

We trust our friend does not think so poorly of us as really to suppose that we confine our views to a single province of improvement. In this age of "universal reform" when the "one idea" plans have become altogether unfashionable, when every body "goes for the whole" of course, we should indeed be far "behind the times" if we could not profess to spread out our scheme for the world's regeneration over the entire area of human interests. We would remind our brother that we, too, are *associationists*, "in our way." Perhaps we think and speak as much and as respectfully of physical and social improvement, as he does of the Bible and Christian holiness. He "starts from that great overruling thought, the Unity of the Race," and thence extends his views to ultimate individual reform; we start from *our* great overruling thought, the power of Christ to save individual souls from sin, and thence extend our views to ultimate universal reform. As to the *breadth* of our respective views, we see no occasion for the invidious comparison suggested in the above extract. The true point at issue is—Which of us has begun at the right end of the matter? We

think that individual holiness of heart is the indispensable prerequisite of external reform; that true theology, instead of being the "dome" (as he calls it) of the great temple of redemption, is its underpinning, without which no durable superstructure can be raised. Whether this is the "isolated, self-perfectioning" of the Unitarians, or the true "perfectioning" of the Bible and of sound philosophy, is a question which need not be discussed here.

In reply to our remarks on the curious cosmogony of Fourier, the editor says:

"We do not receive it as a revelation; nor do we set up Fourier as absolute authority in any thing beyond what he has proved to our own reason and our very nature. The sphere of science, and not of spiritual illumination, is all he claims to represent."

"We published the manuscript in question, fully conscious that its occasional obscurities and technicalities, its calm, unqualified narrative of things that would seem beyond human evidence, its air of poetic extravagance, and sudden transitions from the heights of contemplation to the playful sarcasm upon his contemporaries, would puzzle and provoke not a few, and leave very doubtful impressions upon most. We offered it as a splendid fragment, not without its defects and its excrescences, which might show some of the peculiarities of his mind, concealing not the worst, and proving this at least, that Fourier was not that literal, narrow, mechanical man of the nineteenth century, which sentimental and moralizing critics have supposed. Vague and fragmentary, and full of clouds and chasms, and bold flashes and still bolder shadows as it is, this picture, this sketch (for how could it be more), lends a not unworthy background to his plainer statements concerning the destinies and duties of this age and generation. We ask none of our readers to take it for any more."

"We do not feel under any pledge to defend or to explain this Cosmogony in detail, or in general. We published it as an evidence of the grandeur and consistency of the man's mind; to show that the law which he applies to social arrangements and to the solution of metaphysical questions, was a law which did not forsake him wherever he turned his eyes. That it is 'silly, impudent stuff,' is said only in view of its strangeness, without thinking of its sublimity. Without professing to accept it, we are compelled to respect it, and do find it full of rich suggestion."

We have certainly no disposition to find fault with the editor of the *Harbinger* for publishing the cosmogony of Fourier as a literary curiosity. If his present protest had appeared before the publication, we should have taken no exceptions to his course. But his justification does not alter our estimate of the article. Our opinion is still that it is very silly, impudent stuff; and we say this, not in view of its strangeness, and not forgetting its "sublimity," but in view of the fact that it gravely pretends to be a development of truth, founded on scientific demonstrations, while yet it is manifestly nothing but a farrago of extravagant conjectures or astrological soothsayings concerning matters of which Fourier could have no knowledge except by revelation. That which is sublime, considered as an effort of the imagination, becomes ridiculous when it thrusts itself into the category of actual truth, and makes itself a hoax. The famous "moon story" had much of the same kind of sublimity as that of Fourier's Cosmogony, and evinced considerable "grandeur of mind." But it was laughed at as soon as it was found to be a fabrication; and if the author of it had persisted in foisting it upon the world as a veritable document of science, he would have been called very silly and impudent. We can honor beauty and sublimity in a professed "fancy piece," but it seems to us quite necessary that some distinction should be kept up between imagination and science. There is no need of an argument to show that Fourier is riding his imagination when he professes to have ascertained that "the ox is born of an aroma shed by Jupiter, the horse of an aroma shed by Saturn," &c.; when he informs us that Saturn had to "undergo censure" from the other planets for begetting the flea, and when he undertakes to prophesy that our globe will have rings like Saturn's, and that "the beautiful creation five (major transition) will commence about four hundred years after Harmony." If there is any sublimity in these announcements,

considered as oracles of science, it is the sublimity of folly or insanity. If they really are evidences of the "consistency of the man's mind,"—if they are the homogeneous "complement" of his psychological and social theories, they certainly reflect plentiful doubt upon Fourierism in general.

The concluding remarks of the *Harbinger* relating to our notice of Festus, we quote entire, appending a few notes:

"Our reviewer also takes exception to our praise of 'Festus,' which he styles a 'Universalist poem.' It seems his 'perfectionism' can not relish the thought of all humanity being finally made good; but deems it best to 'let the devil alone,' and not try to save him. Perfectionism made perfect is its utmost horror. (1) Now we care little for the theology of 'Festus.' Compared with the fullness of life there is in that poem, all systems and doctrines are but so many passing moods of the mind, or colors which it borrows from the countries through which it wings its ceaseless heroic flight. (2) But we are free to say that we do sympathize with that view of evil, which makes it to be but a lower transitional state in the ascending series, the progressive development of good. Otherwise we should insult God's providence with the worst kind of skepticism."

"But this, he says, is utterly incompatible with the deference we often pay to Swedenborg; for, 'if there is a system in the world which stands immovably in the way of Universalism, it is that of Swedenborg.' Swedenborg we reverence for the greatness and profundity of his thought. We study him continually for the light he sheds on so many problems of human destiny, and more especially for the remarkable correspondence, as of inner with outer, which his revelations present with the discoveries of Fourier concerning social organization, or the outward forms of life. (3) The one is the great poet and high-priest, the other the great economist, as it were, of the Harmonic Order, which all things are preparing. Yet with his theology, in one sense, we have as little to do as with that of 'Festus.' (4) If eternal punishment be really his doctrine, so far we reject him. But it is by no means clear to us that that is his idea. He borrows continually the phraseology of the Bible, when he speaks from an interior meaning. The word 'eternal' may have but a relative signification, as he uses it; and when we consider that the peculiar property of Swedenborg's mind was vision, or direct *on-sight*; that he saw every thing, as it were, bodily before him, and rather described in pictures, than explained in thoughts, what more natural than that he should relate his visions of the actual bells, or present spheres of perverted human passions, in the technical language of the scriptural allusions to the condition of the wicked? (5) Surely in the great Philosophy of Swedenborg, evil is nothing absolute, and has no being in itself, inasmuch as the only ground of being is in love, which is good, and which is God."

"Call not our praises of Swedenborg 'hollow,' therefore; if he offered us ten times as much, which we could not assent to, it would not detract in the least from our reverence for the man, or our great indebtedness to his profoundly spiritual insight. It is no honor to any man to swallow him whole, to neutralize ourselves in his presence, and offer him a passive and unintelligent, inanimate welcome. Rather let us put what he has seen, with what we have experienced, however small, so it be genuine, and thus make out a completer testimony to the truth which only the whole united chorus of intelligent spirits can ever declare in all its fullness."

NOTES.

(1) This is rather a gratuitous reflection upon the supposed illiberality of our position. How does it appear that we "can not relish the thought of all humanity being finally made good?" Our brother of the *Harbinger* does not believe that all men will be made good *this year*. What if we should take occasion from his lack of extravagant hope, to insinuate that he "can not relish the thought of all humanity being made good immediately?" Perhaps our limit of expectation in regard to human destiny is determined, not by illiberality of heart, but by reverence for truth. We are in the habit of thinking that true greatness of soul consists rather in honestly facing all reality, than in building air-castles of wish-born hopes.

(2) Is it really meant here that, "compared with the fullness of life" in Festus, *all* systems and doctrines—those of Fourier among the rest—are "but so many passing moods of the mind?" or does the writer only refer to *theological* systems and doctrines? According to our poor understanding, *truth* is essential to "fullness of life;" and we should as soon worship

the "fullness of life" in a war-horse or a boaconstrictor, as in a Festus without truth. Profession of *nonchalance* in regard to the truth or falsehood of doctrines, though quite fashionable, seems to us unphilosophical; for what is life worth without light? what are true doctrines but the light of life? and what are false doctrines but the darkness of death? Our brother must have studied Swedenborg to little purpose, if he has not got beyond the indifference in regard to doctrines, and especially theological doctrines, which is the glory of "liberalists."

(3) In our reading of Swedenborg, we have watched for this "remarkable correspondence" of his theories with Fourier's, and we confess we have not discovered it. Swedenborg's heavens seem to us more like the societies and cities of civilization, than like phalansteries.

(4) Why then do you call him the *high-priest* of the harmonic order? Why do you say in your former exultation over "the great souls of the future"—"In religion, we have Swedenborg; in social economy, Fourier; in music, Beethoven," &c.? Is not Swedenborg in his appropriate and acknowledged function, when he teaches theology? If you have little to do with his theology, what have you to do with him at all? If you acknowledge his office and yet do not respect it, we doubt whether Swedenborg himself would acknowledge you as a disciple.

(5) When we said that Swedenborg's system stands immovably in the way of Universalism, we had not in mind his use of particular words or his visions of the hells, but a fundamental principle of his spiritual philosophy, viz., that *the ruling love of every man's life in this world can not be changed after death*. Probably there is no sentiment in all his writings which he labors on more, or repeats oftener, than that which is presented in the following extract from "Heaven and Hell:"

"That man after death remains to eternity such as he is as to his will or reigning love, has also been confirmed by abundant experience. It has been given me to speak with some who lived two thousand years ago, and whose lives are described in history, and thence known; they were found to be still like themselves, and altogether such as they were described, thus the same as to the love from which and according to which their lives were. There were others who lived seventeen centuries ago, who were also known from history; and there were others who lived four centuries ago, and some three, and so on, with whom also it has been given me to converse; and it was found that a similar affection still reigned with them, with no other difference than that the delights of their love were turned into such things as correspond. It was said by the angels, that the life of the reigning love is never changed with any one to eternity, since every one is his own love; wherefore to change that love in a spirit would be to deprive him of his life, or to annihilate him. They also told the reason, viz., that man after death can no longer be reformed by instruction, as in the world, because the ultimate plane, which consists of natural knowledges and affections, is then quiescent, and can not be opened, because it is not spiritual; and that upon that plane the interiors which are of the mind, rest as a house on its foundation, and that thence it is that man remains to eternity such as the life of his love had been in the world."

If there is an "internal sense" lurking in this, which is compatible with Universalism, all we have to say is that the writings of Swedenborg, instead of interpreting the Bible, need interpretation more than the Bible.

PRINCIPIA.—NO. 8.

PERFECTIONISM THE ANTECEDENT OF COMMUNISM.

ARTICLES FROM OUR EARLY PUBLICATIONS,

SHOWING THE SPIRIT AND PRINCIPLES IN WHICH
THE O. C. ORIGINATED.

THE following selections throw additional light on the attitude of the Putney Perfectionists toward Fourierism:

[From the Perfectionist, Jan. 1, 1844.]

OUR COMMUNITY ESTABLISHMENT.

We are informed by a correspondent that the following appeared not long since in the *Olive Branch*:

"John H. Noyes, of Putney, Vt., has formed

a Community somewhat on the Fourier plan. Can some one give us a history of his establishment?"

Why did not the editor of the *Olive Branch* apply for information at head-quarters? We should be very willing to give him a full history of our "establishment." It may not be amiss to inform him gratuitously that he is mistaken in saying that we have "formed a Community somewhat on the Fourier plan." We have no faith in any of the plans of seceding communism, which are at present interesting the public mind. Our establishment, such as it is, exists in the center of an ordinary village, and differs not in its relation to the community around, from a manufacturing corporation or any other ordinary association. A few families of the same religious faith, without any formal scheme or written laws, have agreed to regard themselves as one family, and their relations to each other are regulated as far as possible by this idea. The special object of the association is not to make money, or to exemplify the perfection of social life, but to support the publication of the gospel of Salvation from Sin, by papers, books, tracts, &c. Formal community of property is not regarded by us as obligatory on principle, but as expedient with reference to our present circumstances and objects. We are attempting no scientific experiments in political economy, or in social science, and beg to be excused from association in the public mind with those who are making such experiments. Our highest ambition is to be able to preach Christ without being burdensome to any, and to act out as far as possible the family spirit of the gospel. When we find a better way than our present plan, to attain these objects, we shall freely change our mode of living.

[From the Perfectionist, February 1, 1844.]

COMMUNITY AT PUTNEY.

The following is published in the *Olive Branch*, as a response to the call for information, noticed in our number of January 1. The writer deserves our thanks for the decency and general correctness of his statements. The only passage which needs much alteration, is that which we have enclosed in brackets. There has been no "selling of possessions," and no laying of the prices at the apostles' feet, after the manner of Acts 4: 32-34. J. H. N. lays no claim to apostolic authority. The statement of the amount of land, houses, &c., in our possession, is a little exaggerated. It should be observed that this account (with the above exceptions) is quite correct, as a description of our arrangement for several years, up to 1843; but would require some modifications at the present time. Our own statement, January 1, should be combined with this:

"The Community founded by J. H. Noyes, of Putney, Vt., is something like the following: Any person who is favorable to their belief, can become a member if he wishes, whether he puts money into the treasury or not, provided he sustains a good character. They have no particular rule to abide by, except the rule of the gospel, 'love thy neighbor as thyself;' and if any one acts contrary to this, he is either severely reprimanded and allowed to remain, or excommunicated. They live together as one family, under the guardianship of J. H. Noyes. There are seven or eight families in the Community [who have 'sold their possessions' and laid the prices at the apostles' (J. H. N's.) feet, after the manner of Acts 4: 32-34]. They are engaged in several branches of business—farming, mercantile, printing, &c., each person at his own trade. A chapel belongs to the Community, in which they hold their meetings, and there is a large library for the use of all who attend their meetings. Six months in the year, from November to May, all who feel disposed, can go to the chapel and spend three hours every day in study. The old as well as the young attend for the improvement of the mind and to keep the spirit in a state of health. They meet at nine o'clock A. M., and the first

hour is spent by reading aloud from ancient history, or something else that would aid the study of the Bible; commenting and making such remarks, and asking such questions as those listening feel disposed to, the more to impress it upon their memory. The next hour is spent in silence, searching the Scriptures preparatory to the discussion of some question given out the day previous. The last hour is spent in discussion; each individual giving his views and bringing Scripture in the affirmative or negative of the question. In this manner the forenoons are spent, and in the afternoon they resort to manual labor. The evenings are generally passed in reading, writing, debating, singing, praying, &c., the younger members attending to studies of various kinds, and so the whole time is usually taken up. The Hebrew, Greek and Latin languages are taught; in fact, all branches of study. They have about five hundred acres of good land, seven dwelling houses, a store, printing-office, and several other buildings for the convenience of mechanics. When a person is disposed to leave, he receives whatever he brought with him, and nothing more, considering the advantages he has had, clothes, board, &c., equivalent to his labor. The object is not to gain, but to improve the mind, to gain strength of the inner man. During the summer months, they do not labor more than eight or ten hours a day, either on the farm or in the shop; the remainder of the time being spent in study or otherwise. Invitation is given to any who do not belong to the Community, to avail themselves of the benefits of their library, during the time the chapel is open, free of expense.

The object of association, it scarcely need be reiterated, was primarily, spiritual improvement and the publication of the truth. So dependent was external association upon the successful pursuit of these ends that we find the abandonment of it regarded as an inevitable contingency, in case the paper should be stopped for lack of funds, which seemed likely to occur in the winter of 1843-4. The following paragraph is from the editorial in the first number of the new volume, which was issued, after an interval of four or five weeks, on the 23d of March, 1844.

We return to our business with thankfulness to God and to our friends, for the many tokens we have received that our past labors have not been in vain, and that we are called to our post again. We have received pledges to an amount which, if they are faithfully and promptly paid, we judge will be sufficient, together with what we shall probably receive from unpledged subscribers, to defray the expenses of the paper another year. There was a time when we had no expectation of such a result—when we saw nothing before us but the prospect of retreat from our chosen business, abandonment of our Association in this place, and loss of many advantages for publishing and establishing the truth, which we had gained by previous beginnings. But the cloud has passed. The prospects of the paper, and of our Association, are now better than they have ever been. We resume our trumpet, with the animation of fresh victory, and with renewed determination that it shall not give an "uncertain sound" for the year to come.

The following extracts require no explanation:

[From the Perfectionist, April 6, 1844.]

We occasionally receive proposals from persons abroad, for admission to our Association in this place. It is proper therefore to state that we are not in a condition to give employment to more than our present number, and our funds are not sufficient to enable us to make arrangements for a large Community. If brethren can find means here to support themselves, or if a

company with sufficient capital should choose to join us for the sake of mutual help and instruction, we will do what we can to forward their undertakings. Our present object is the publication of the truth by the press, and with that business on our hands we can not give the attention or afford the expense which a regular Community enterprise would require.

We are also asked sometimes to receive young persons into our families as boarders, for the purpose of acquainting themselves with the gospel, and with our views and ways. These applications interest us much, and we wish we were able to comply with them in all cases. The reasons, however, stated above, forbid our encouraging any to come, unless they can bear their own expenses without employment here. The idea of a seminary of some kind occasionally crosses our mind. Perhaps the way will be opened, in process of time, for an establishment, in which any number of young persons can have opportunities of suitable education in connection with our religious principles. Whenever a sufficient number of our friends are found able and willing to undertake a work of this kind, we shall be very glad to co-operate with them.

[From the Perfectionist, April 20, 1844.]

FOURIERISM.

Among the toasts given at a late Fourier Convention in the city of New York, we find the following:

"To Fourier—To him who has wished the happiness of the human race and given the means of realizing the same—To him who has wished Christian charity to be no longer an Utopia, but has rendered easy the divine precept, 'Love thou thy neighbor as thyself.' If this banquet has charms for us, it is above all for its being an emblem of that more splendid feast to which all the world is invited by Fourier; for we do not ask luxury and pleasure; no! but, like our master, pioneers of futurity, we ought to resign ourselves to privations, sacrifices, long and toilsome labors still. Fourier with his high intellect easily might have had a large share of civilization's precious gifts. But no! he has worn out his life for the benefit of posterity; posterity shall ever bless his name. To Fourier, the benefactor of the human family."

This is a fair specimen of the way in which a very considerable body of enthusiasts in this country are extolling Fourier and his principles. It seems to us that these plaudits are extravagant and premature. Has it yet been proved *experimentally* that Fourier's theory of Association will be the "means of realizing the happiness of the human race"? Is it certain that he has "rendered easy the divine precept, 'Love thou thy neighbor as thyself?'" We doubt—or rather we entirely disbelieve these boasts. Arrange, associate, civilize, and educate human beings as you will, or as you can—so long as we know that there is an eternal devil underlaying and enveloping the spirit of the race, and so long as it is certain that that devil can be exorcised only by a stronger spirit, we shall regard all external projects of redemption, all merely human efforts for the abolishment of evil, as *quack medicines*; and shall look to Jesus Christ instead of Charles Fourier as the great "benefactor of the human family," the "master" and "feast" provider of the world. Would it not be well to wait till time and extensive experiments have demonstrated the efficacy of Fourier's theories, before we glorify him without stint? In our view, the Shakers' plan of Communism has far better claims to public interest and confidence than any of the recent schemes; and Ann Lee better deserves the name of a "benefactor of the human family" than Fourier or Owen, Ripley or Collins. Her scheme has been *tried* thoroughly. It has gone beyond the foggy region of talk and experiment and hope, into the fair land of actual success and profit. Shaker Communism is no *air-castle*—whatever other faults may pertain to it. When Fourierism has lived as long and succeeded as well

as Shakerism, it will be time to honor it as a valuable social invention. But it will not then be time to toast it as a substitute for spiritual redemption by Jesus Christ.

"AYE, THERE'S THE RUB."

From the Perfectionist, May 4, 1844.

The New York Fourier Convention, in one of its resolutions says:

"Foreseeing as we do, that success in these enterprises, requires disinterestedness, sagacity, and perseverance, we appeal to the friends of our race, with the request, that they do not attempt to establish Association until they have secured the co-operation of a sufficient number of men and women of congenial tempers, devoted from generous impulse and conviction to this cause of God and man."

An ancient philosopher said that he could move the world with a lever, if he could only have a place to stand upon. So it is probable that Fourierism might achieve the mighty results which its advocates expect from it, if it could only find a "sufficient number of *disinterested* men and women, of *congenial* tempers, devoted from *generous* impulse and conviction to the cause of God and man." But we would as soon try to "invent perpetual motion," as search after truly "disinterested, congenial, and generous men and women" among those who have not been redeemed from the devil by the cross and spirit of Christ. If Fourierism is the lever that is to lift the world into heaven, its only fulcrum and stand-point will be found in the gospel of Salvation from Sin.

THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, JULY 6, 1868.

AN ONEIDA JOURNAL.

July 4.—We are making up the CIRCULAR to-day notwithstanding the momentous importance (?) of this national anniversary. We confess ourselves to be looking for the time when other days will entirely supersede this one. What does the Fourth of July amount to, any way? What does it signify but egotism, fire-crackers, and mint-julep? Those who know the "walley o' peace and quietness," will sometime gladly abandon the crowded, bustling, noisy Fourth, for anniversaries which stir the heart, and call for interior action.

Our fingers are so strawberry-stained that it will be a wonder if they don't leave their imprint on the paper. If our readers perceive any crimson finger-marks, they must conclude that much gazing at the strawberry, like a prolonged stare at the sun, has for the time being, dimmed our vision to the perception of other things. Thursday there was a great quantity of strawberries to be picked, and a large bee was called. Supper was at five o'clock, and the foreman announced the requirements of the occasion: "An extra exertion is needed. The Willow Place folks are coming to help us. Come one, come all, come everybody who can, if you only stay fifteen minutes." The evening was excessively warm, but we charged the burning field of Wilsons with considerable vigor. Meanwhile, from the depot, came a dozen crates of cherries, which must be preserved that night, or spoil. There was still quite a force at the house, able to do that kind of work, which the omnibus soon conveyed to the packing-house. The vines were very dry, and many of the berries withered, but the only signs of ruin were the dripping faces of the pickers. "Who'll volunteer to hang a curtain up before the sun?" called out one. Suddenly at about seven o'clock, the clouds appeared in the east, and the low rumbling of thunder was heard. We clapped our hands, when out came a rainbow. "O," said one of the girls, "we've frightened away the rain. The storm king didn't understand our cheering. He thought we didn't like his coming, and so hung out his rainbow to propitiate us. Too bad, isn't it?" But other clouds came, obscuring the sun at last, the wind rose in great

gusts and whirls, cooling us delightfully, the lightning clanked his fiery chains across the sky. Still the rain did not come until our work was done, and we were safely at home, though some of the boys and girls lingered in the field, on purpose to get a wetting. It was a magnificent storm. At the preserving-room (which is a large, high apartment, containing many windows), the sudden darkness, the flashes of lightning, and the fierce sweep of the wind, produced a scene of rare sublimity. In the meeting which followed, a vote of thanks to the Willow Place folks for their generous assistance, was passed. Then there was some talk about our bees—the power they embody. E. H. H. said he believed we should get more and more in the way of doing our work by bees, and that to one in trouble, a plunge into the Community spirit about bees, would be as invigorating as a plunge in the pond this warm weather. He who wants to be in easy circumstances, will keep well in the Community current of enthusiasm for industry.

"Come and go down to the barn with me and see them unload the hay." I go, imagining the farmers' new machine is something huge, with monstrous arms to grapple and lift; but find it a mere hand-tool, not so heavy as a crow-bar. An empty cart is going out just as we enter, and before another load comes in my friend shows me the principle. A rod of steel three feet long is fitted with a point which when it is well bedded in the hay, by a contrivance I cannot describe, is made to strike out and form a hook. The head of the instrument is attached to a rope which, passing over a big beam above the bay, connects with horses. It is called the Harpoon Fork, and unloading hay with it is a sort of whale-catching. The bay which holds seventy ton is now two-thirds filled, high above, you would say, all reach of any common pitching. Two men are on the mow ready to distribute the hay; another man holds the horses. The new load is in. One load comes in and discharges this side the bay and the next that, rapidly alternating. The man on the load drives the harpoon, working it in its full length, "Ready," he cries. The horses are started forward and up moves the whole crown of the load sailing like a cloud over a mountain. Well over the mow, the hook straightens, and the cloud falls. The hook is so small, not six inches long, you would trust it to catch only a snatch, but it takes off a load at three hauls. It is not certain to do this; it depends, perhaps, on the skill of the man who handles it; but that is its capacity. If the hay is to stand on the cart over night, care is taken to load light, as the fork will drag the whole mass. A cart-full is dispatched in less than ten minutes. The fork is "Walker's Patent."

The following private note from one of the mothers fell under our eye and we appropriate it for our columns because it gives so good a glimpse at the children:

O. C., June 30, 1868.

DEAR L:—I must tell you something of the way our children are passing their vacation. They are not spending it in idleness, playing, and seeking various methods of whiling away time, but in joining us grown folks in carrying out the true spirit of industry; attending bees and *working* while there, too. I would not have you think it is all work and no play with them. No; they work one, two and three hours and then have a fine relish for play. I had the pleasure of picking peas with them an hour or more the other afternoon, in company with "Mr. Edwin," as they call their new father at the children's house. Said one, "Let us see how long we can go without speaking." "Agreed!" When the signal was given, all hands fell to work in good earnest, and not a word was spoken for some time. The scene was amusing. Such intense silence and such nimble fingers! Occasionally, one would be anxious to communicate something, and in order to get the attention of her companions would clap her hands, and give her ideas by pantomime. Clarence and Edith picked in the same basket like persons working for a wager, neither of them speaking for nearly three-fourths of an hour. On arriving at the house, a team was ready to take them with attendants to Willow Place Pond, where they had a nice time bathing,

and the older ones swimming. This is one of their richest treats.

The children are all well and happy. They are learning very young that life is a reality, and that they have some higher aim than to seek their own pleasure and gratification. They are learning to hear God and to obey and honor their parents—not merely “my father and mother,” but *all* the fathers and mothers; and on the other hand, all the members of the Community are becoming more and more interested in, and responsible for them, as though they were their own flesh and blood. In this spirit our children can not help growing in favor with God and man, and my prayer is, that we mothers may, like Hannah of old, sacrifice our children to the Lord and to the Community spirit without any reserve.

S. B. C.

H. W. B. writes from Troy: “Being on the road just now I see many things both reportable and unreportable. For three days I have been vibrating between the two cities of Troy and Albany, looking after the interests of our strawberry market in these parts. Strawberries are abundant this season, never more so. A car-load, I am informed, leaves Oswego daily, for the east; and Albany probably receives its heaviest deposits. Our industrious neighbors of Oneida also, with their harvest of fifty acres are wide-awake with their ruddy fruit. Yesterday the Albany market was over-stocked and berries were plenty at from eleven to thirteen cents per quart. Although to a vender, this may seem unpropitious, yet as a sympathizer with the million, I am glad of it. This morning in Broadway, Albany, I observed a knot of individuals gathered on the side-walk, and stepping up I saw a man with a basket of mammoth-sized strawberries on exhibition. As the basket was muzzled I had no chance to try the flavor, but was told that it ranked with the Triomphe De Gand. The gentleman hailed from Rochester and seemed to be selling the plants freely at \$5.00 per 100. The name given to the strawberry is ‘Golden Queen.’ Do our horticulturists know of this variety?”

OUR WALLINGFORD LETTER.

Mount Tom Printing Office,
W. C., June 30, 1868.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—We begin to bask again in high summer colors. Morning has its millions of sparkling dew-drops. The peonies and sweet-williams are out in all their bravery. Later, I see the bright tints of ladies’ dresses, glancing along through the shrubbery. People are coming and going; the white table-cloth spread under the shade of the cherry-trees, indicates the reign of strawberries and cream. Occasionally a stylish coach with liveried driver, shows that some city cousins have strayed into the country for a day’s diversion. The great sun goes slowly over, glinting on the blades of mowing-machines as they sweep through the falling grass. “Yup!” cries the Yankee Achilles, to cheer on his horses, and increase the clatter of the fray. Delicious smells of roses and new-mown hay float out on the quivering air. Noon is hot, but with the later hours comes the swim in the river; at sunset the mercury falls to sixty-eight; and night brings out the whip-poor-will, and the bass expostulations of the distant, paternal frog.

HOME MATTERS.

We are now in the midst of haying. Weather good, crop large.—Strawberries ditto.—Shipped seventy crates yesterday, some of them being our neighbors’.—New barn nearly completed.—Favorite brindle cat lost her legs by the mowing-machine. Unfortunate feline! She was so homely as to be positively fascinating. A good mouser, though. *Requiescat in pace.*—One strawberry-picking urchin to another.—“I say, Jim, you’re wicked and cruel to have them things in your pocket.” *Over-hearing tallyman.*—“What is it, boy? Let me see what you have in your pocket.” Boy advances and pulls out four young orioles unfledged, two king-birds and one squab, too young to be identified. “Where did you get these?” “Out there by the fence, sir.” “Well, go and put them back where

you found them, and then come here and I will give you a ticket for a basket of strawberries.” The young bird-fancier obeys.—Building is brisk at this time in Wallingford village. Two costly churches and two other dwelling-houses are going up.—We are also to have another railroad—the air-line Boston and New York—the privilege having been granted by recent legislation to bridge the Connecticut at Middletown.—A magnolia is in blossom in our grounds—the first I have seen. Its perfume is like lemonade.—The little boy, Harry, having been lately etherized, much to his disgust, to allow the removal of a tumor, has since been cutting out paper figures, and giving his idea of surgery. Taking up one of the figures he said, “I shall make you *smell of a rag*, and then I shall cut off your arm. You won’t like it, but it must be done!” Smelling of the rag is evidently the principal thing in his mind.

ABROAD.

You may have noticed the singular case of alleged murder by a certain Deacon Andrews, that lately took place at Kingston, a town adjoining Plymouth, in Massachusetts. The deacon’s plea, as set forth in his own statement of the affair, is, that he committed the killing in self-defense. But taking the case in any aspect, it is one of those Hawthornish, Dantesque horrors, that could only come out of eastern Massachusetts, the old land of the Pilgrims and Plymouth rock. The Puritans were a good people, the best perhaps in the world; but when in any case the Puritan soul is gone, leaving only the Puritan varnish to cover its place, then look out where you step. The gulfs that underlie such hypocrisy, are a little deeper and blacker than those which belong to ordinary sin. In masterpieces of crime, taking place now and then in the region of high respectability, Massachusetts, it seems to me, is hard to beat. And in Hawthorne, the descendant of Justice Hawthorne, who managed the Salem witch trials, such exceptional wickedness has found a fit delineator.

ROMANS OF THE ERA.

Let me copy for you, from Hepworth Dixon’s “Holy Land,” a scrap of history which I have not seen elsewhere. It is a list of the Roman Procurators who ruled Judea during the life of Jesus Christ on earth:

Coponius ruled from A. D.	6 to 10.
Marcus Ambivivius	10 to 13.
Annius Rufus	13 to 14.
Valerius Gratus	14 to 25.
Pontius Pilate	25 to 35.

They lived for the most part at Cesarea, a city on the sea-coast, with the exception of Pilate, who seems to have made his residence more frequently at Jerusalem. The names of these rulers, who were the cotemporaries of Christ, possess an interest by association that is somewhat peculiar. Perhaps a further account of them may be found in Josephus.

G.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JACOB KNAPP.*

THE time is at hand when, on the appearance of a new book, the primary question concerning it will be, “Is it calculated to do good and to help the world on in true wisdom?” and not, “Is it finely written? Is it interesting?” This must be so if we are traveling the road which leads away from perdition. We shall not always swallow poison because it is sugar-coated with a brilliant style, or despise wholesome nutriment though presented in a less attractive form. We are tired of being amused. We want to be edified.

Elder Knapp’s Autobiography carries us back to the great revival period of forty years ago, toward the end of which he was somewhat prominent as a Baptist evangelist. He was an earnest, fearless man, and noted for his eccentric sayings—a son of thunder to the wicked and infidel. But the interest of his book, is not so much in the history of himself, as of his time. A moral movement began then the force of which is still unspent. Most of the great reforms and changes that have been working

* An octavo of 341 pp., New York, 1868.

and thundering around us for a score or more of years past, in one way and another, came out of those revivals. Let the scenes of those times be viewed as they may, skeptic and worldly professor will be forced, on a candid examination, to admit that a power of some kind was at work, which can not be accounted for on ordinary psychological grounds—a power that begat moral heroes. Men and women rose above the claims of private interests, and followed truth and duty to the ends of the earth, without regard to fortune or reputation. There may have been fanaticism and vain imaginations; doubtless there were, but there was something beside. Heaven and earth touched. The Spirit of God came upon men. Men did turn their hearts toward the heavenly world, and found it a reality. He who should tell the story of those days so as to separate the true from the false, and so as to lead men to appreciate a true “revival of religion,” would be a benefactor and true statesman. Communists do not vote, because they can not see that free-suffrage will regenerate society; they can not conscientiously bear arms, because war will not lead men to dwell together in unity; but they labor for a universal revival, as the cure for all evil, and the promise of all good; and our estimate of Elder Knapp’s book, is measured by its influence to hold up revivals to respect.

We are compelled to say, by way of criticism, that it impresses us as carelessly written in details, and in a boastful spirit. Elder Knapp became a settled preacher in 1825. About 1834 he had a new conversion, and started out as an evangelist. He does not give any credit to those who set him going in his new career, but every-where puts himself forward as the center of the movement; whereas he was only an eleventh-hour man. Revivals had been in progress from the beginning of the century. Dr. Beecher, though not an evangelist, was successful in revivals, from his ordination. Then there were Nettleton, Finney, Burchard, Myrick and others, all great revivalists, in the field before Knapp. In fact, the revival movement culminated about the time of Elder Knapp’s conversion, which was one of its last waves that broke over into the Baptist church. Dr. Beecher’s Autobiography, contains the following account of the revivals in central New York, all around Knapp, and which undoubtedly converted him to “New Measures:”

The year of Dr. Beecher’s removal to Boston (1826) was signalized by powerful revivals in different parts of the land. Among these, none were more remarkable than those in central New York, particularly within the bounds of the Presbytery of Oneida. From week to week the columns of the *Boston Recorder* and other religious journals contained glowing accounts of the wonderful outpourings of the Holy Spirit.

Whole towns, in some instances, were said to be converted. In other cases, all the professional and leading men were gathered in. The mightiest opposers and unbelievers were in some places changed to friends, or stirred up to wrath. “It does seem,” says one (Feb. 21), “that there never was a time like the present, since Pentecost—such wonderful displays of divine grace, such multitudes flocking to Christ.”

The Presbytery of Oneida speak of it as “a work of divine power, of which we have witnessed no parallel in this country, such as we have seldom discovered in the history of the Church.”

“In these revivals,” they say, “we have discovered no instance of the use of artifice to excite mere human feeling, or to influence the passions. In most cases convictions were very pungent and deep. These were the effects of the simple word of God, the sword of the Spirit piercing the conscience and the heart. The Word has generally been presented in plain and pointed language. Boisterous speaking and loud declamation have been studiously avoided. Private visiting, faithful discipline, and setting apart days of fasting and prayer, have been eminently blessed. The effectual, fervent, agonizing prayer of faith has been found the immediate forerunner of the operation of divine power.”

The Synod of Albany say that, “in consequence of this display of divine power, the theater has been deserted, the tavern sanctified; blasphemy has been silenced, and infidelity confounded.” Twenty-five congregations had shared in the work. Not a town in Oneida county had been passed by. Not less than twenty-five hundred were subjects of hopeful conversion.

A correspondent from Rome, New York, remarks, “The revival commenced here in such a powerful manner, that our good pastor almost sunk under the

labors it called for. But God sent us a Mr. Finney to help gather in this precious harvest of souls."

One who was acquainted with Myrick, tells the following story of Knapp's conversion in 1834. Elder Knapp attended a protracted meeting where Myrick was preaching. Myrick thus reported the result: "At first Knapp stood aloof from me, and treated me coldly, but as I went on and got warmed up, I noticed his eye began to kindle, and I let the sword in up to the hilt. Ever after, Knapp stood by me and was one of my best helpers."

That was a wonderful time. Many look back to their experience then, as the most precious part of their lives. They were conscious of a power that lifted them above the earth into blessed reconciliation with God. But was it the work of God, or of man? No one can read this book without secretly pondering that question. There is more or less sectarianism and roughness, not to say coarseness, about Elder Knapp, that will naturally stumble the timid believer, and provoke the sneer of the skeptic. But spite of man's imperfections, we can see God's footsteps; and out of the chaff, grain can be winnowed by the believing student.

Instead of the ordinary doctrine that the Holy Ghost is poured out now and then, as the result of special prayer and effort, admit that it was poured out on the "*whole human race for all time*," and these revivals have a new significance. The Holy Spirit is present in human nature and is, like electricity, awaiting certain conditions to manifest its power. We are assured that God is no respecter of persons, which is as much as to say, spiritual laws are of universal application. "*Whoever will*, let him take of the water of life freely." Here is presented in simplicity the condition—*whoever will*. In those revivals people were led to *will*, and found that promise true. They who do not believe, and are held by the love of the world or pride, can not *will*. God in his providence instituted "new measures" to break up these obstructions and set men's souls free so that they could will. Elder Knapp was an earnest man, and believed in God probably to the extent of his limitations in the Baptist Church; and the Lord used him. The following pleasant incident, which the Elder relates of one of his meetings, happily illustrates the removal of obstructions to the Holy Spirit:

Shortly after this meeting, I held a meeting in —. This is a beautiful village, nestling among the mountains, in a fertile valley. The only house of worship in this place, at that time, was an Episcopal church; but into this, of course, I could gain no admittance. But the Christian friends in the community turned out, and fitted up a large, newly-built barn, and built a bower on each side, so that two thousand people could be accommodated. Here we conducted an anxious-meeting, separate from the congregation, which was listening to the preaching. As fast as one was brought under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and could be induced to go, he was led to the inquiry-meeting. The ungodly called it "the finishing-off-room."

While we were in want of such a room Colonel —, a wealthy gentleman, offered the use of his old store, which he was then occupying for the purpose of packing pork. It was thankfully accepted; and he politely sent his hired man to assist in cleaning and fitting it up. Though a perfect gentleman, he would sometimes indulge in a sly joke with his friends, in a pleasant way, about the ministers taking the anxious to his "pork shop" in order to get them converted. But it pleased God to touch his heart, and that of his noble wife. They were brought into great distress. They continued to attend the meetings at the barn; came forward, and rose, and asked for prayers. I, with one or two others, went to their house, and spent the whole night with them in reading the Scriptures and prayer; but no relief could they obtain. Others were being converted, and they began to deem themselves forsaken of God.

One afternoon, as I was about to preach, he arose, and begged prayers for himself and wife, and stated that they were nearly in despair. The suggestion was made, that perhaps he had set up his will against going to the pork-room, if so, that room lay between him and the kingdom of God. He saw the force of the remark, and turning to his wife, said, "If you are willing to go down to the pork-room, I will go with you. It is a bitter pill, but we may as well die in one way as another; we cannot live so." She took him by the arm, and they walked down to the pork-room, bowed in prayer, and both, there and then, found peace, and returned to their home rejoic-

ing. We had in this meeting a blessed time. Very many souls were converted.

Here was the gospel baptism in which the converts were buried with Christ, rather than when afterwards with much ceremony, they were buried in water. The "pork-room" was nothing, and we may say that Elder Knapp was nothing; but giving up pride and reputation—forsaking all for Christ and becoming clothed with humility—were the conditions that opened the hearts of Col. — and his wife to the spirit of God with its healing power. In this view there is no greater mystery about revivals than about many other things around us. The conditions of salvation on God's side, have been present ever since Christ ascended to the Father, and poured his Spirit out on all flesh; and wherever by any means men are led to sincerely believe in the gospel and to *will*, rivers of living water will flow, and there will be a revival.

This man had one good trait, i. e., *good health*. He worked hard day and night; would close a series of meetings one day, and commence in another town the next, but never complained. In this respect he held out better than most of the evangelists. He would not come in bondage to the fear of man. The following account of his experience in Richmond, Virginia, is a refreshing example of faithfulness to one's convictions:

While I was preaching in Washington, I was waited on by Elder Jeter and Deacon Thomas, of Richmond, Va., and invited to visit that city. They wanted me, however, to give them a pledge that I would keep silence on the subject of slavery. They remained at my lodgings till near midnight, arguing this point, but to no purpose. I had never made such a pledge, and I could not be persuaded to put on a muzzle simply because of the prejudices of that people in favor of slavery. They left me, as I supposed, with the intention of letting the matter drop. But shortly afterwards I received a letter from them, asking me to come on, and saying that I would be left to take my own course in regard to that particular subject, expressing the belief, however, that when I got on the ground, and learned the state of things, I would see the propriety of abstaining from any interference with their "peculiar institution." I concluded to go to Richmond.

I knew that the devil was an old philosopher and a wise manager, and that as long as he could keep ministers under his control, and induce them to endorse slavery, rum-drinking, and the like, he would treat them politely. Rum-sellers will not object to wearing out two or three hats a year in bowing to ministers, provided they will keep silent, and let them carry on their work of death. Slave-holders will be very complaisant and respectful to God's servants if they will but apologize for their system of iniquity, occasionally come out with a defense of the practice, and allow them to prescribe the topics which shall constitute the staple of pulpit ministrations.

I commenced with the First church, preaching day and night to large congregations. The prospects continued to brighten, and very many were beginning to yield to the power of the truth. As soon, however, as I began to elevate the standard of piety, and to labor to bring the church up to the Bible idea of a devoted, working, holy people, I found that I was bringing my batteries to bear against an impregnable fortress of prejudice and error. They did not want a reformation; they desired merely a revival, a season of religious sensationalism. I felt that the Lord bade me proclaim a fast; but they had no idea that it meant the breaking of every yoke, and letting the oppressed go free. All of their fasting seemed to me like solemn mockery.

I could hold my peace no longer; the pastor was raising boys and girls for market, like so many calves and pigs; the slave-pen was within the city corporation, and there men and women, and children, some of them members of the church, were bought and sold every day; husbands and wives were torn asunder; little children were dragged from the arms of their mothers; womanhood was denuded of its modesty, and girls were sold for lust. The whipping-post was close to the house of God, and the crack of the lash and the cries of the slave victims mingled with the songs of devotion and the voice of prayer.

How could I ask God to hear the prayers of such a people? I knew that the churches and the ministers were involved in this system of iniquity. As I continued to preach, with increasing plainness, the Bible doctrines concerning human rights, and those which cut up this system root and branch, the leading members became more and more uneasy. Some would plead with me to pass over this subject, assuring me that, with this exception, my preaching was popular with the community, and that I might do

great good if I would not dwell on this one theme. But I could not refrain.

At length, after having preached about three weeks in the First church, and about two weeks in the Second, I preached a sermon on the moral government of God, in which I showed that all the misery in the world arose from the violation of God's laws. Our failures to love God supremely, and our neighbors as ourselves, were infractions of his holy law; and that if we did love our neighbor as ourselves, we should not, for example, be willing to enslave him, any more than we should be willing to have him enslave us. The feeling throughout the congregation was intense; many came forward for prayers, and the work was rolling on with increasing power.

On reaching my room, I was visited by a committee, and requested to preach no more, unless I would promise to keep silent on the subject of slavery. They professed fears for my safety, and thought that the house would be burned down. I told them that I would risk my life if they would risk their house. I knew where the shoe pinched. The slave-holding members were afraid that their non-slave-holding brethren would get light and influence, and render the position of the slave-holding party uncomfortable; besides, they were in love with their darling sin. The issue, however, was squarely made. I had no choice, except to submit to their terms or leave. I decided to leave. We sent for our clothes, which were out to be washed, packed them up, wet from the tub, and started from the place by six o'clock the next morning. We shook the dust of the city from off our feet as a witness against them, and I have not seen Richmond since.

E. H. II.

HOW I CAME TO BE HERE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY R. S. DELATRE.

NO. XXII.

ARRIVED at New York, I hurried to the shipping-offices, but finding no clue, I went to the police-office and laid my case before the Chief, who, on hearing my report, observed that that year was remarkable for what he called a runaway epidemic. It was the year of the disturbances in Europe. I got a number of hand-bills printed (requesting information), which were with the consent of the Chief, left in charge of the police for distribution. On my return, I had to wait at Albany nearly a day in the most painful suspense, being very anxious to get back to relieve my wife. During that day, while walking about the city, I happened to stop in front of one of the hotels to take a look at it, when I was discovered by the younger brother, who was serving there. Of course he held back, and his father moved off as wise as ever. About a week afterward (a week never to be forgotten), they both appeared, *sack in hand*, in a plight that would have graced the canvas of an artist. They were out of money and sick of their enterprise at Albany, when some benevolent woman, hearing of their situation, furnished them with tickets home. It turned out that the responsibility of the older brother was wearing upon him, the younger making it difficult for him to find himself employment. Thus, during that short (but to us most painfully long) two weeks, we suffered the full penalty of our folly. And when the parties met again, it was on even ground. We were prepared to start anew, fully disposed, as you may imagine, on both sides, to take a better course.

A year passed on, the year of the Jew's absence in California. Our little band had sobered down quite perceptibly toward the end of the year, when one Sunday morning, in November, 1849, while we were met together, as usual, a small publication by the Oneida Association, was presented to the meeting by one of our number, having been sent to him by a relative who had joined that body. That periodical was entitled the *Spiritual Magazine*. A portion was read in the meeting. I do not remember the subjects treated of, but the *spirit* of the articles struck us at once—struck us effectually. There was a cry for more. The *Berean* was sent for. Then came a desire that one of our party should visit the Community, and I at once volunteered. I had been much engaged the whole summer on Brisbane's treatise, and had become enamored with the idea of Communism. It had been ingrained in my heart from my birth, I believe, but I could not see how the *flesh* was to carry it out. Here was a fabric reared on sure foundations presented to my view, and I hastened to greet it. I wrote to the Community

saying how much I wished to make them a visit. The reply was, that the Community preferred that persons should become acquainted with them through their writings, before making them a call; but that in my case they would leave it with me to decide. That was enough.

Early in February, 1850, I started for the desired haven. Reports unfavorable to the Community, had reached us from parties in Rochester. I staid there over night and found them to be nothing but reports. I went on, determined to judge for myself. Alighting, toward evening, at the door of the Community mansion, I inquired if I could be accommodated for the night. Yes, was the reply. I asked for the member who had sent us the periodical. He and his wife and a number of others met with me in the reception-room. I had much to tell them, of course, but was arrested in the midst of my harangue by a gentle hint from the superintendent that he thought I should accomplish the object of my visit by assuming the attitude of a listener and observer, rather than by indulging in loquacity. The hint was given in a very delicate way, but it had the desired effect, and struck at a spirit which needed rebuke. Was the love of the truth strong enough in me to withstand the mortification of being set right by the spirit of that Community which I had come to court? It was really the very first effectual blow my egotism had received. That night is to be reckoned among the ever memorable. The truth prevailed, and the next morning my vision was clear to behold the beauty that surrounded me in the spectacle of brethren dwelling together in unity. One peculiarity of my experience on that occasion was, that my attention was entirely diverted from mere individuals, and was absorbed in the consciousness that I was surrounded by a great unit. I had a foretaste of a glory which we have not yet really attained. It came through that first criticism, trifling as it may outwardly appear. I had been tempted nearly all night, to pick up my bag and walk off, and my victory over egotism was succeeded by the brightest of visions.

I spent no less than twelve days at Oneida. I had something to do, you may be sure, in the way of study. In the first place the Social Theory was entirely new to me. Indeed, on trying to find my way through it, I had spiritualized or platonized nearly the whole of it, to the great entertainment of Mr. E. H. Hamilton, who was then at the helm of this branch of the Community. It is clear, then, that I was not drawn to this institution by sexual considerations.

Well, I went home, full of my subject. I told the folks I could not pretend to do justice to it. The fact is, I had had mainly an *interior* vision of the unity of the church, and that could not be easily communicated. But my heart was fixed. I got the *Berean*, and made it my study during the summer. It is almost a trite remark, to say that I had never met with such a commentary on the Bible, so many have testified to the same effect. The Community sent us also their paper by request. The Jew's audience forthwith became Oneida's—such of them at least, as had received the truth. We met in Oneida's name, both at home and abroad, my wife always excepted, she being immovable, though admitting that the change was greatly for the better, from fanaticism to sobriety.

Autumn came on, and with it a desire on my part, to go east again, in order to see Mr. Noyes, who was then at Brooklyn. In September of the same year, I started for that point, by way of Oneida, leaving the rail at Batavia, and passing through Nunda, where I spent a day or two with a few believers, and then took the rail again at Canandaigua, after a delicious ride through the oldest settlements of that region. From Oneida, I accompanied a party to Brooklyn, and was very kindly received there by a quiet little family, earnestly engaged in the work before them. There, too, I first met with Mr. Noyes, the object of my journey. Although I had some advantage of him in point of age, he had begun the course on which I was then only entering, nearly twenty years before me. The new order of things was so diametrically opposed to all my previous

ideas, that I was very apt to feel as though I were "at sea," which, you know is not quite the thing. In truth, I had never come in contact with the American mind or character (to say nothing of the great purpose of the Community) until my introduction at Oneida. The change was immense, and it is not surprising that it should have taken John Bull some time to find his bearings.

I remained at Brooklyn only a few days, but they were days that told on my subsequent course. After some talk with Mr. Noyes about our little flock in Canada, he became so much interested in them as to propose meeting me there, accompanied by Mrs. Noyes, who, I believe, had never seen the great Falls. They took one route, and I another, as I wished to call at Oneida on my way back.

At the Falls, the event of interest (to myself at least) was my cutting connection with the Jew. He had just returned quite unexpectedly from California, and was completely taken aback by the report of what had transpired during his absence. He was maddened by it, but did not hesitate to meet us (our visitors included) at our usual rendezvous, the residence of Mr. C. Ellis, who is now a member of the O. C. There, in the presence of several witnesses, after some unsatisfactory talk, I told him that I did not consider him capable of building us up in the resurrection, which is a state of perfect organization, and that therefore I should follow him no more. He had some discussion with Mr. Noyes, but it was of short duration because of his excessive unreasonableness. The most remarkable feature of the interview was the extreme contrast between the spirit and deportment of the two speakers. The Israelite withdrew, boasting, though, that he had had the best of the argument. Thenceforth he became bitter against the Community, but he soon left for Australia, gold being still the object of his ambition. He was a married man, and it is fair to state, that, although absent from his family most of the time, he faithfully remitted them the means of support. He was strictly moral, with a tremendous will, and any amount of effrontery. I thank him for having been to me a *stepping-stone* to the Oneida Community.

Once rid of the Jew, our meetings with Mr. Noyes during his stay at the Falls, though but few, assumed a quiet and edifying tone. Little was said, but we were baptized into an element widely differing from the one introduced among us by the restless spirit which had just been dismissed. Why then this subjection of three years' standing to that most pernicious influence? Ah, this is a great question—this one of experience. Both saint and sinner have to go through many a phase of experience before they become confirmed in character. I pretend not to take a comprehensive view of my own case in this particular, but aside from the end gained by liberating me from my dependence upon traditionary doctrine, this man's influence served to develop and bring to judgment a principle which we all have to crucify, if we are ever to be saved from perdition. I mean the principle of natural independence; which is at "swords' points" with the principle that rules in heaven, which is the principle of subordination. Christ himself had to learn obedience by the things that he suffered.

Our eldest son, Herbert, was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Noyes, at that time. A friendship must have sprung up at once between the parties, to judge from the sequel. I was very desirous that my wife should get acquainted with our visitors, but it was of no avail. They left us after a short, but very refreshing visit (to us at least), expressing the hope of seeing some of us again ere long.

THE BARBERRY INDICTMENT,

Does the Barberry Blast Grain?—The Question Investigated—A Raid among the Rye-Fields.

BY HENRY THACKER.

TRIP FIRST.

THE old charge against the barberry, that it causes rust on grain growing near it, has been recently revived, as an offset to its value as a

hedge plant. Having been instrumental in calling attention to the merits of the barberry for use in hoding, I have felt considerable interest to ascertain, if possible, the facts relating to the charge in question. About the first of May, therefore, on receipt of a letter of inquiry on the subject, from a wheat-growing farmer in the West, I sallied forth, took the cars, and in a few hours was among the farmers in the barberry region of East Haven, Conn.

I commenced my course of investigation by inquiry, beginning with the first farmer I came to, and continued until I was satisfied as to the general feeling and testimony of the farmers, in regard to the matter in hand. In answer to my question, "What do you know about the supposed tendency of the barberry to blast grain when growing in its vicinity?" with one or two exceptions, the almost universal reply was, "I know that it does tend to blast rye, but can not say as to other grain." I asked, "How does it cause rye to blast?" Nobody could tell; only they knew that grain growing near a barberry-bush rusted and the grain did not become full. Some ascribed the cause to the scent of the plant, and others to the dust diffused from it, meaning perhaps, the pollen, as it was asserted that the mischief was done when the shrub was in blossom.

"Does this state of things always happen?"

"No, not always."

"What is the state of the weather when it does occur?"

"Just such weather as this (it being a foggy, misty day)."

"How far distant from the barberry is the effect seen?"

The majority of testimony on this point was, two or three rods; some more and some a less distance. A number of my informants volunteered the remark that the wild cherry was just as bad as the barberry, and on further inquiry, I found that it was universally held in the same estimation.

The majority of the farmers that I called upon were men of the past generation, ranging from sixty to seventy-five years of age. Three were of middle age, and two were young men. One of the latter said that his farm had considerably many barberries growing on it, but he had never noticed what effect they had on grain, if any. The other said his father's family owned a farm of two hundred acres, with plenty of barberry-bushes growing about the fences. He considered them a nuisance, as he said it was generally believed that they blasted rye when growing near it, but he could not say whether they did or did not, or whether the notion arose from prejudice of long standing against the shrub.

Thus much as regards the testimony; and now as to the probabilities in the case. In the first place, it should be borne in mind that this section of country borders on Long Island Sound, and that the barberry is seldom found further back from the sea-shore than from two to four miles. Secondly, that the blight in rye only occurs in foggy, misty weather, when the wind is in the east, or south-east, and never, as one man expressed it, when the wind blows from the west or north-west. Thirdly, it is well known that foggy, misty weather is of frequent occurrence along the sea-coast; and that the

east or south-east winds are from the right direction to drive the fogs inland. Now it is notorious that foggy, misty weather is just the kind which produces rust and blight in grain every-where—in parts of the country where a barberry-bush was never known. Fourthly, is it the tendency of wild cherry to produce blight in grain? It is quite a common tree throughout the country. Who can answer the question? I have been acquainted with the tree all my life, but never before heard of its producing blight in grain, any more than any other tree. Query: Is there not a greater tendency in grain to rust and blight when growing in the vicinity of trees and shrubbery of any kind, than elsewhere? By shading the plants, and preventing the sun and wind from drying off the dew and moisture in lowery weather, trees may cause injury for a short distance around them, and the matter thus explained may be understood without ascribing it to some mysterious hocus-pocus of a particular shrub.

The testimony and probabilities are thus far before us, and the jury of thinking men must each one judge for himself. However, I propose to investigate the subject still further at a future time, when the grain shall have attained a proper stage to be affected by the supposed noxious properties of the shrub, and will report, in another paper, the result of my inquiries. Others also, will perhaps be induced to take up the subject and thoroughly examine it. The barberry promises to be of too great value to the farmer for fencing purposes, to be thrown aside without sufficient cause.

STRAWBERRIES.

FOR years we have experimented with all the prominent seedlings that have come under our notice, and have thoroughly tested every variety, from the Early Scarlet to the Triomphe de Gand, to say nothing of the seedlings hit upon by our own strawberry-growers. A word, then, may not be amiss as to what experience has taught us about the different kinds.

Our assortment this season is as follows: Jucunda, Agriculturist, French's Seedling, Lenning's White, Oneida Seedling, Wilson's, and Triomphe de Gand. The Jucunda is a large, handsome berry, of tolerable flavor; bears well, but is somewhat soft. The Agriculturist is large and of a deep red color when ripe. It often fails to perfect itself, however, as the apex of the cone lies upon the ground, and either remains white after the bulk of the berry has ripened, or decays before changing color. Diverse opinions prevail as to its flavor, some deeming it quite unpleasant, while others consider it very agreeable. French's Seedling bears well, but is very soft. It has a good flavor, and is excellent, when fresh-picked, for the table. Lenning's White is not very prolific, and can hardly be recommended for any thing except a curiosity. Oneida Seedling (one of our own) is a very sweet, soft berry, and highly prized by some people; but its small size is an objection. One gets demoralized after picking Triomphe, and doesn't find it pleasant to pick small strawberries. The Wilson and Triomphe de Gand are too well known to require description.

He who raises strawberries for a somewhat distant market, must seek, first of all, the quality of hardness for his fruit, else, let the flavor be never so fine, and the size truly mammoth, a few hours of railroad transportation will transform it into an unpalatable mass. Let him get a strawberry firm in texture, large-sized and richly flavored, and he will soon cast aside other sorts, except as he raises them to supply a variety to his own table. Much experience leads us to regard the Wilson and Triomphe de Gand

as the strawberries which most happily combine the desired qualities. There are no kinds which market in so good condition, nor any that give such general satisfaction, and we seriously think of abandoning the cultivation of all other varieties. T. C. M.

THE telegraph system of the United States is threatened with the establishment of an enormous monopoly. Prof. Charles G. Page, for many years chief examiner of patents in the U. S. patent-office, invented or claimed to invent, a number of the fundamental principles of modern telegraphy, but was prevented from patenting them or acquiring any interest in them by his position as examiner of patents. The claims cover the inventions which were subsequently patented by Morse, House, Hicks and others including the induction or Ruhmkorff coil and nearly all the essential points in the electro-telegraph business. In March last an act was passed by Congress and approved by the President authorizing the issue of letters patent to Prof. Page for the inventions claimed, which has since been done. Prof. Page died on the 5th of June, and an act which was probably regarded by the legislators as a compliment to an old public servant, has been interpreted differently by his heirs, who have announced their intention of securing the full benefit of the law. The whole system of American telegraphy is thus virtually placed in their hands. It is said that the heirs have offered the patent-right, so far as it affects telegraphy, to the Western Union Telegraph Co. for the sum of five hundred thousand dollars, and that Company, who have long desired the monopoly of the business, have the proposition under serious consideration.

THE FOURTH.—An extremely warm day, and no Fourth-of-July showers, which usually spoil the bonnets and muslins, and make a jam in our parlors and halls. The visitors began coming at an early hour. The fans in the store were soon exhausted, and the consumption of soda-water and ice-cream was immense. Our people gave up the day to providing for the wants of our guests, of whom there were five or six hundred. Extemporaneous music by the quartette and violin and piano was furnished in the afternoon. Quiet enjoyment seemed to prevail. This may be accounted for perhaps by the fact that the collection consisted mostly of couples—young folks of the sentimental age. The combination of the sexes was complete, and its civilizing effect conspicuous. The children spent the day at Willow Place, away from the crowd, noise and bustle, incident to the day. In the evening, half a barrel of crude petroleum was set on fire, and we watched for an explosion, but it persisted in burning as regularly as a tar-barrel. When the day's work was over the four-horse omnibus ran for two or three hours between O. C. and Willow Place conveying all who wished to go, to the pond for a bath.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE State of Georgia has removed its capital from Milledgeville to Atlanta.

COMMENCEMENT exercises at Yale College promise to be unusually interesting this year.

THE indications are that the Mississippi election has resulted in favor of the Republican party.

LATE news from Japan indicate the success of the Mikado, or spiritual sovereign, over the Tycoon.

A BILL making eight hours a legal day's work in the government work-shops, has passed both Houses of Congress and been signed by the President.

HEBER C. KIMBALL, the second man in the Mormon Church, died lately in Salt Lake City. His funeral was attended by several thousand persons.

By direction of the President, Capt. W. H. Whipple, of the U. S. A., has been detailed as Professor of Military Science at the Cornell University.

GEN. GRANT has ordered the military commanders of the States recently admitted into the Union, to turn over the government of them to the civil authorities, so soon as constitutional requirements have been complied with.

Announcements:

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 599 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one mile from O. C. Number of members, 85. Business, Manufactures.

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of depot. Number of members, 40. Land, 228 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers" in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system **COMPLEX MARRIAGE**, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Continence.

ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Cats, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive-list and price-list sent on application.

PRESERVED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Strawberries, Black, Red, and Orange Raspberries, Cherries, Huckleberries, Plums, Peaches, Pears, Quinces, Lawton Blackberries, in quart bottles and quart cans, with syrup—Tomatoes, Sweet Corn, Peas, Lima Beans and String Beans, in cans—are put up in quantities for sale by the Oneida Community. Also, Jellies of the Barberry, Currant, Blackberry, Quince, Crab-Apple, Peach, Raspberry, and Black Currant.

N. B.—As we are unable to keep up with the demand for these goods, persons desiring a full assortment should order a year in advance. First come first served. Descriptive price-list sent on application.

MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING-SILK.

Machine Twist, of our own manufacture, (Willow-Place Works): also, various brands and descriptions of Sewing-Silk, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, New York.

MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE,

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment is now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Price-lists, Pamphlets, and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Particular attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing for Labels. Orders from abroad should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,
Wallingford, Conn.

PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida Community can be furnished on application: the Community Buildings, Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-House and Group, and Bag-Bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 10. Price, 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Groups and Grounds can be furnished for 40 cents each. Views, *carte de visite* size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 35 cents for single copy; \$3.50 per dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents for single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by S. Newhouse. Second edition; with new Narratives and Illustrations. 280 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

MALE CONTINENCE; or Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse. A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. Noyes. Price, 50 cents per dozen.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE "CIRCULAR," unbound. Price, \$1.50 per volume, or sent (post paid) by mail, at \$1.75.

[The above works are for sale at this office.]

Messrs. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, London, have our HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, and the TRAPPER'S GUIDE for sale. They will receive subscriptions for the CIRCULAR, and orders for our other publications.